

Our Army and Navy Boys

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Grogg and family were notified last week by the War Department of the death of S-Sgt. Emil L. Grogg, on August 8th, in England, due to injuries received in action.

S-Sgt. Emil L. Grogg was born on September 22, 1923, at Greenbank. He was a graduate of Greenbank High School in May 1942. He was then employed as a sheet metal worker by the Glen L. Martin Company in Baltimore, until he entered the Air Corps on March 22, 1943.

He completed months of specialized training in Army Air Force Technical schools at Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi and Laredo Army Air Base, Laredo, Texas; then had final training in Combat Crew Training school as an aerial engineer and gunner at Colorado Springs, Colorado, before he left for the theater of war. After landing safely in England on June 28, 1944, he was sent to Northern Ireland where he completed an orientation course designed to bridge the gap between training in the States and combat soldiering against the enemy in France.

S-Sergeant Emil L. Grogg is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest E. Grogg, of Dunnmore; six brothers, Charles, Melvin, Edward Ray, Donald, Forrest, Jr., and Marion; David; four sisters, Dorothea, Betty, and Ruth Ann, all of Dunnmore; Martha Mae, employed in Charleston; one brother, Pvt. Guy S. Grogg, in the Army, stationed in North Africa. Also numerous relatives and friends.

Somewhere in England
August 12, 1944

Dear Mr. Price:

When I was home in Marlinton I often read letters from our boys over seas. Now I am writing you one myself and I hope you will print it in the Times. I am now back in England after being wounded somewhere in France. I am O. K. and am getting along fine. You probably do not know me so I will tell you who I am. I am the son-in-law of B. F. Long of Marlinton and I was living there when I was drafted. I would appreciate it if you will put this in the Times and I am sure Mr. Long will too. I am also sending you a poem I have written here in the hospital.

Thanking you very much, and in advance I am,

Yours truly,
Private Ralph D. Coberly.

THINGS I MISS

I miss my home in Marlinton,
I miss my friends so dear,
I miss everything so dear to me
Since I came over here.
I miss the singing of the birds
I miss the hum of the bees
I miss the hunting on the hillsides
Among the rocks and trees.
I miss the buzzing of the old
sawmill,
The tannery not far from the
track,
I miss the gang at Wib's pool
hall,
But someday I'll come back.
I miss the things I did not know
I loved;
I wanted to be on the run,
But there is no place I'd rather be
Than dear old Marlinton.

Landy Phillips, S. 2-c, United States Navy, writes as follows to
sister, Mrs. Ellen Hoover:

August 14, 1944

Dear Sir:

Thought that I would drop you a few lines. This leaves me O.K. and hope you all are the same. I guess you thought that I was not going to write, but I have not had time. I have been moved again but we are not allowed to tell where we are but I would rather be back in the States.

August 17, 1944

Received your letter yesterday and sure was glad to know you were all well. For myself I am just fine. You said that you thought about me all of the time. Well don't think that I don't think of you all and home; that is all I can think of.

Tell Ruth and Joan that I can not get the things they wanted until I come back in the States. You were wanting a poll parrot. I will get you two little ones if they will let me send them to you. They only cost two dollars a piece.

We have a lot of fun here but not as much as I had when I was home. Coconuts grow here and things grow the year around here. It is a nice place here.

Tell Lem I don't guess I will get to squirrel hunt this year but I sure would like to. Tell Bertha and all hello for me and give John and them my address and tell them to write to me.

Write to me real soon.

Your brother,
Landy Phillips, S 2-c.

POCOHONTAS TIMES
Editor of the *Pocahontas Times* at Martin-
ton, W. Va., on account of this matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14, 1944

An important item of business this month, and a personal, patriotic privilege as well, is to contribute to the raising of not less than \$2,500 in Pocahontas County for the support of the United Service Organizations. These minister to our men in the Armed Service. Let the letter of Aubrey Ferguson, Pharmacist Mate, United States Navy, be our editorial this week. He wrote it to Harper M. Smith, the County Chairman:

Sunday Sept. 3, 1944.
Dear Harper:

I am spending the week-end in Chicago on liberty, and remembering your desire for a personal view of the U. S. O. at work for service men and women, I have come tonight purposely to one of the many clubs here to drop you a line from "the scene."

This particular Club is located at Wabash & Monroe, and on the second floor of a large business building, the entire floor donated by Norman F. Bensinger, a Chicago business man, for this activity.

At the door as I came in, I was met by a genial man, who turned out to be Mr. Hemmick, a Salvation Army representative. His first inquiry was, "Can I do something for you?" And this seems to be the general attitude of all the Clubs and their workers—doing something for the men and women who visit them in such large numbers.

There are dozens and dozens of people in here at the present. All around one side of the wall near me there are others at the writing desks who likewise are thinking of home and loved ones. And incidentally, most of them, though not equipped with one of their own, are having the same struggle that I was having before my exasperation led me to change to this lowly pencil—that is trying to make a public pen write!

It will be impossible to give you any more than a scant concept of the work of such a large club as this—for they undoubtedly do countless good things that do not readily present themselves to observation. But here is what I can see:

A snack bar, where good eats and drinks may be obtained at reasonable prices.

Clock and check rooms for hats and wraps of military visitors and the civilian workers, including a bevy of attractive young women who are here to provide the feminine company so many men are looking for—and a corps of understanding women just a few years older, who act as hostesses and chaperones.

In one corner is a room marked "Camera Cut," and here I was told a service in my borrow a camera for that Chicago "excursion," and there is maintained a dark room and developer for finding the pictures—one can either do it himself or it will be done for him.

Next is a work room where one can bus his hands making things from plastic and other materials.

Then there is a Sketch corner with materials for the one with artistic inclinations. Many sample photographs and sketches show the work others have done in these two directions.

A half dozen ping pong tables are all in use on the other side of the room, and some are engaged in playing other games.

In the large ballroom a dance is in progress, with an orchestra providing the music. I noticed a juke box which is probably employed when an orchestra is not present.

At a piano just back of me a girl is playing for a swarm of boys—of girls who like to socialize. Since I have been sitting here their songs have expressed every desire from "A Girl Who Lured Dear Old Dad" to "When You Miss Me When I'm gone."

All over this side of the room there are comfortable chairs with cigarettes and ash trays nearby and the usual wide variety of magazines and papers.

At an information desk sits an attractive young woman who told me her name was Miss Adams. When I borrowed this pencil from her, so I don't see what she wants he can always ask Miss Adams! She was born at Beckley, W. Va.

An interesting feature is the "Spot Your Home Town" section consisting of cut out maps of every State in the Union not upon a wall, with large-headed pins to pin it by visitors. Notice to say they are all well dotted with pins by now. I'll stick one in Marlinton just because it's one of the Nation's best localities!

Well, what more could anyone expect to get for the money they give in behalf of those who are serving their country?

I am to add Harper, that you have succeeded to hand the drive again for the U. S. O. in Pocahontas County. You did a fine job of it last year, and you and your staff of volunteers, and all the generous people of the County may take my sincere word for it, that the work of the U. S. O. is unexampled in this war.

Soldier Hughes M. Cook writes as follows to his wife from Guadalcanal in the South Pacific, under date of August 12:

My Dear One:

Just a few lines in reply to your letters I have received since I have been here on the Island of Guadalcanal, just as to me the other evening. I never realized what the U. S. O. is doing. It is hard for anyone else to realize the broad scope of its work.

That is true, but with so many to recommend it, I am sure that our people will not hesitate to give with such willingness that your drive will be put over the top-and quickly.

Very best wishes to you from one who is proud to be your friend.

Aubrey.

Pvt. Howard R. Doss writes from New Guinea under date of August 23, 1944.

Dear Cal:

This is a few lines tonite to let you know I am still alive; over here in New Guinea, and no matter how long I am over here, I won't be able to forget about home and the folks back home. Hope everyone of them are well and happy and that the dry weather is all over. I know the dry weather must have cut the crops quite a lot.

Say Cal, there is something I would like for you to do for us boys who are from the county of Pocahontas and over here in New Guinea. I wish you would send me the addresses of some of them or all of them if you can, the most of us would like to get together once in awhile, but we are unable to, without the address and APO number. Let me know if you can do this for us.

I have been writing Summers Dunbrack for the last two weeks, having found his address in the same state address book at the "Red Cross." That is the only way we can find each other over here. I would like to have Ivan Barlow's address, if you have it handy.

I want to also let you know of my change of address and hope this is the last time I will have to worry you with this.

I am truly sorry to see by your letter that we lost so many of our boys from our county at the start of the invasion. I send my deepest regrets to those who have lost loved ones and friends on that side of this War-torn world, but let us hope they have not died in vain, so many of our boys did in 1917-18. Let us hope the good old U. S. Army wakes up this time and cleans out the two traitors once and for all, and let many of the boys come back to their homes again, as God sees fit to spare.

I must close for this time.

Pvt. Howard R. Doss.

Cpl. Forest H. Turner writes to his mother, Mrs. Nora Turner, of Frost.

Panama.

Dearest Mother:

Well mother as I received two letters from you today I will try and answer them. They were not first I have received from you for a week, but as the air mail has not been going I did not expect any. So if you have not heard from me for a week or so, you know why. Well I am pretty busy tonight, and, enjoying myself, taking pictures taken with him sitting on my shoulder chewing gum and send you one.

Well mother, I am glad you go to see to can, they are my favorite fruit. Mary said she had canned quite a few qts. Well, I am combat. I have been in forty-five days and I have been up in the front lines. We've got the boys on the run, now, I cannot tell you much news in a letter. I will tell you the news when I get home. I hope it will be soon. I hope to get the box of candy soon. You can send me candy any time.

Well the big guns are roaring now. Tell the rest of the folks hello for me, and keep the good work up. We will win the war soon.

I don't have any more news for now. I will close for now.

Love, Kyle.

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Very best wishes to you from one who is proud to be your friend.

Aubrey.

Soldier Hughes M. Cook writes as follows to his wife from Guadalcanal in

Dear Army and Navy Boys

The following letter, which expresses regret, was received by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hefner, of Meridian, Elk Rd., from James M. Gavin, Brigadier General, U. S. Army Commanding, Headquarters 82d Airborne Division, Office of Division Commander.

Dear Mr. Hefner:

It is with deep regret, that I write of the death of your son, Pvt. First Class, Andy E. Hefner 15076415, a member of my Command, who was killed in action, June 9, 1944 during the Invasion of France.

Your son was a member of the 401st Glider Infantry, 82nd "All American" Airborne Division.

PFC. Hefner was a member of a heavy machine gun squad. He was a loyal and fearless soldier, whose fine knowledge of his machine gun, leadership, and outstanding courage in combat were admired by all who knew him.

Putting aside family ties, the admiration, respect and affection of comrades are a soldier's most precious possessions, because collectively these comrades are unfailing judges. These possessions I believe your son earned in full measure. Death of such a man leaves with each member of the Division a lasting sense of loss, from which there comes to you a deep sense of personal sympathy.

Sincerely,
James M. Gavin.

**STOP
MISTREATING
YOUR SERVANTS**

Your electric servants, we mean. Of course you may be able to get some new ones six or twelve months after the war is over. But—doggone it—if you could only hear the women, who come into our store, begging for just any kind of appliance, you'd surely keep yours in tip-top condition.

MONONGAHELA M SYSTEM

Our Army and Navy Boys

Mack Brooks of Marlinton, received the following letter from his cousin, Oran McLaughlin:

Paris, France, Sept. 26, 1944.

Dear Mack:

Well it has been quite a while since I have written you, I believe I owe you two letters. I don't guess I have much excuse, more than I have been moving around quite a lot in the past.

I have a new A.P.O. Number now 887 and I am stationed in Paris, France. Boy, that is tops too, one can't talk this stuff over here, but I sure can make motion don't think I would ever learn to speak French. I can't remember it. And talk about pretty women, they are here. They all use a lot of makeup, and all have those bad room eyes, ha, ha.

Paris is really a beautiful city, nice wide streets and everything, nice buildings too. I don't care much for their beer, but they serve it cold; in England all the beer was served warm, although I learned to like it pretty well.

I have seen the Eiffel tower, it is beautiful, but boy, these good politicians take my eyes!

... Well you read about this Fortress. Bombing being 50 per cent effective, you can add 50 per cent more to it. I have seen where they have done some bombing. I saw a railroad yard which had been bombed, and big railroad engines were stacked two and three high, where they had been blown up. Those bombardiers sure hit their targets too. I also saw where the fighters had

caught some convoy of truck on the road, you could see where there had been a bomb crater in the road, and looking around, you could see scrap that was left of the truck.

I have seen quite a lot of German equipment, also knocked out German tanks. I don't think this war over here can last much longer. I sure want to come home and get into some civilian clothes again, and see how I feel. Don't know if I will ever be worth a d— to work again or not; don't think I will strike a lick at a snake for awhile.

How is uncle Brooks getting along now? Sure hope he is better by now. Tell him not to work any and I will look with him when I get back, and we will sponge on our friends as long as they had. I guess Sue is in high school by now, and Bonnie teaching again this year.

I suppose politics is pretty hot there now. You had better tell those d— fool politicians and strikers to get to work or we will be back some day and straighten them out. I imagine if the white bread was taken away from them and let them eat "C" rations for awhile, they would come to their right mind and settle down to business again.

How are they all at home now? I had a letter from Marie about a week ago, and they were alright then. I am afraid mother will work too hard. Has uncle Lee ever heard anything more from Earth? I guess it won't be long before the Yanks find out who is over there.

Mack, when I was in England, I was only about 60 miles from

London, and most of the time I was there via a 24 hour train.

Well, I have written this now, maybe I have written the same now. Tell all my friends, hello, and tell me, and not to worry about me, that I will be alright if there. Paul McLaughlin hasn't got me. So good luck, and lots of everything. Tell John McLaughlin and Mary Elizabeth I am still a Dampster.

Love to all.
Your cousin, Oran.

Mrs. Ward Barlow of Marion, received the following letter from her brother, Leonard Foster, who is Somersworth in New Hampshire, under date of August 7, 1944.

Dear Lou and Ward:

I have finally gotten time to write you a letter. I received the letter you wrote July 4th, a few days ago, but have been so busy that I haven't had time to answer. How are you folks doing? I am still okay, but about to burn up. It must be 140 in the shade, but we haven't any shade here. I'm sunburned black; we have a good hit of rain too.

We have had plenty of action and excitement here. I had a funny experience the other night. The Japs were shelling us, so another fellow and I climbed into a foxhole together. The shells began to hit close, so we decided we had better find a deeper one. We crawled out and into another one, but went into water about knee deep. We were satisfied in it though, because you can't tell where a shell is going to land, another time we had our sand bags knocked in on us. I'm ready to come home anytime they want to send me. Two weeks I will be up next July, so maybe I can get home then.

Yesterday was my birthday, but I didn't have much time to think about it. I got the card you sent. Thanks!

I'm sorry about Ritchie's finger but it's probably okay now. Those pulleys are dangerous. How is the haymaking?

I haven't received the paper yet but Sarah sent me this Navy paper. I'll get what you sent later I guess. Did I send you enough Jap money for the boys? I'm sending some with this letter. I have a Jap bayonet to put with my other things too. You should see some of the prisoners we have captured; they are a sorry lot, but can be plenty tough too. I have some Jap pictures I'll show you when I get back.

I took a ride to this place in a plane like Harry Lynn Sheets pilot, there is no other way to get here. I hear from Sarah every time I get mail, but we don't get it very often. I've got the prettiest wife in the world.

I'm going to have to close, so write often and take care of yourself. Tell all hello for me.

With love, Leonard.

LOCAL SOLDIERS FIGHT IN ITALY

With The Fifth Army, Italy—Corporal Troy L. Helmick of Durbin, rifleman; Sgt. Herman A. Brown of Marlinton, Squad Leader, and Private Fred R. Jeffries of Marlinton, Ammunition Carrier, have been fighting with the 188th Infantry Regiment, veterans of more than 300 days of combat, in its attempt to breach the Gothic Line in Italy.

Have a "Coke" = Here's your reward

... or being a good neighbor in Nassau

Underwater exploring in a homemade diving helmet is a novel sport in the West Indies. But the refreshment that's always welcome afterwards is the same as here in the States—ice-cold Coca-Cola. In Nassau as in New York, the power that refreshes makes a refreshing intermission after strenuous work or play. In many lands around the globe, Coca-Cola has become a high-sign of friendliness, just as it is in your own home.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY MARLINTON COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.

"Coca-Cola" Coca-Cola
It's famous for popular taste
and invigorating qualities.
That's why you have
Coca-Cola called "Coke".

© 1944 The C.C.C. Co.

RENTAL NOTICE

I will not be in my office from October 15 to October 22nd, both dates inclusive.
10-18-44 Dr. C. S. Kramer.

SHERIFF

Vol. 62, No. 24

Our Army and Navy Boys
Private Paul Conrad Friel

Private Paul Conrad Friel, husband of Mrs. Bertha Friel and son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Friel of Greenbank, West Virginia, died of wounds received in action since October 5, 1944, thus giving his life in the service of his country. "Greater Love Hath No Man."

He was inducted into service on December 11, 1943, and completed his basic training at Camp Wolters, Texas, June 1, 1944. He was then transferred to Fort Meade, Maryland, and joined forces in the European theater of combat early in July.

Paul was born October 29, 1913, at Greenbank and was graduated from high school there in 1930. He was a member of the Liberty Presbyterian Church.

On February 6, 1936 he was married to Miss Bertha Absher, of South Charleston.

He leaves to mourn their loss, his wife, his parents, two sisters: Mrs. C. F. Calain, of Spruce, and Mrs. B. B. Fox, Jr., of California; two brothers: Lyle M. Friel, of Waynesboro, Virginia, and Kerth M. Friel, of Beloit, and a host of relatives and friends.

A song of sunshine through the rain.

Of spring across the snow
A balm to heal the hurts of pain
A peace surpassing woe.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Were just three days apart.

With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart is wrung
As, lifted high upon His cross
The Lord of Glory hung.

When rocks were rent and ghostly forms
Stole forth in street and mart,
Bapt Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day.

Were just three days apart. X

Private Winfred W. Sheets, who recently entered the service is stationed at Camp Croft, South Carolina.

Private James H. Phillips, of the paratroopers stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia, was home on a ten day furlough. He said he liked this branch of the service fine and the jumps from the planes were a thrill. He returned in May from nearly two years service in Alaska and the Aleutians and expects more foreign service in the near future.

Mrs. John Clark recently received a package from her son, James Gardner Quick, of the Navy. This is the first time she had heard from him for a long time. He enlisted in the Navy two years ago.

P.F.C. John G. Quick, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, spent a 15 day furlough here with his mother, Mrs. John Clark, sister and friends. He has spent three years

in the Aleutian Islands and Alaska returning to the States last February. He expects service in the South Pacific soon.

Johan Hunter Phillips, in m-3, is spending a thirty day leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Phillips, of Franklin. This is his first visit home in twenty-six months, having spent nineteen months overseas. He will report to New York on November 11th for further duty. On his return he will go by way of Richmond, Virginia, to visit his sisters, Miss Adele Phillips, who is attending Smithfield Masonic Business College and Mrs. D. E. Shrader, who is employed there.

Leo Davis, who is participating in campaigns in Western Europe as Assistant Squad Leader, has recently been promoted from Private to Sergeant. His wife is Mrs. Clyde A. Davis, of Marion.

William Perry was up from Rentek on Monday. His son, William, was wounded on July 11, in the Invasion of France. He is still in a hospital in England, but writes encouraging letters home. He was struck in the back with a piece of shrapnel.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Opie Lowe, of the Navy, was in town a few days this week. He is being transferred from Camp Perry, Virginia, to Great Lakes, Illinois. He is an instructor in small arms training.

Lieutenant Charles C. La Rue, is now stationed in India. He was with Lieutenant Harry Lynn Sheets there for a day and a half before he left for the States. La Rue had just arrived in India. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. La Rue, now of Baltimore; formerly of Hillsboro.

John W. (Bill) Candler writes from Australia that after nearly three years in the Army, with better than two years overseas, he is returning home the first occasion he has since leaving the induction station at Fort Hayes, Ohio, when he recently met Tom Dearing, on the street of an Australian town.

Lieutenant Alfred McElwee and Sergeant Charles Edward McElwee, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Jules McElwee, were recently fortunate enough to meet and spend the night together in France.

W. W. Wilson, Bkr. 2C, of the U. S. Navy, is spending a 15 day furlough with relatives and friends in Marlinton and Hinton. Seaman Wilson has been in the Service two years, one year of which was spent abroad, having been in the invasion of Anzio, Italy, and was in Sicily. He was on a ship that docked in New York.

Mrs. and Mrs. Henry King are home from Paw Paw this week.

FOR SALE

4 room house, nicely located in the town of Cass. East side; 3 lots 40x75 feet. Apply to Mrs. Hattie Perry, 211 Clark Drive, Apt. 202, 11-2-38, Charleston, W. Va.

Editor's Note:
The following season opened up
and got off to a good start
but most of the hunters getting
their limit each day of squirrels.
From all reports there is quite a
bit more than last season. Plenty
of acorns as food for them and
they are fat and fine for eating
but rather hard to see among the
leaves that are still hanging. No
turkeys reported killed in this
section the first day. There are
a few scattered over this section
but not as many as last season ac-
cording to reports. There are
fewer grouse than at any time in
the 22 years I have lived here.
Foxes are getting in their dirty
work on them and the turkeys too.
From reports I get what
few turkeys there is in this sec-
tion are in the Park and safe.
Wildcats are helping the foxes
clean out the turkeys too. One
killed a big gobbler in the Park
last winter at a feeding station.
A trap was set for it with the
usual results, of course. So with
out a doubt this cat worked on
the drove all that winter in the
Park and must have wiped out a
good portion of them. There is
plenty of other game up here
such as deer, And coon. A few
rabbits but one can't expect them
to increase to any great extent
with foxes, minks, weasels and
other predatory stuff working on
them continuously.
Never heard a single report all
last winter of the big coon and
mink that used to make Chicken-
house Run their home. The
mink was an over size one and
as black as night, according to
those who saw it. One fellow told
me the coon had a track so big
that its foot must have been as
big as his. The record will say
he wore number 9 shoe. He
may have leaned from the truth
just a little, but it must have
been plenty big. My young and
very good friend, Winters Dean,
bought a coon dog last season
and I am expecting him to see
something of this monster coon
if it is still on the Run.
I see the panther tales have
started the rounds again. Also
read in another paper late last
spring that there was another
wolf back on Elk Mt. had killed
sheep and had been seen at a dis-
tance. Have watched for reports
of it since then but saw none. I
say a picture of a big panther in
one of my bound journals that
was tried by just two redick-
lous bounds. Why don't some men
get out with their bounds and
get this panther and wolf. I
now we have men that can do
it, so what is holding them back.
I would like to know?
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John F. Scott.
Watoga, W. Va.

The following season opened up and got off to a good start but most of the hunters getting their limit each day of squirrels. From all reports there is quite a bit more than last season. Plenty of acorns as food for them and they are fat and fine for eating but rather hard to see among the leaves that are still hanging. No turkeys reported killed in this section the first day. There are a few scattered over this section but not as many as last season according to reports. There are fewer grouse than at any time in the 22 years I have lived here. Foxes are getting in their dirty work on them and the turkeys too. From reports I get what few turkeys there is in this section are in the Park and safe. Wildcats are helping the foxes clean out the turkeys too. One killed a big gobbler in the Park last winter at a feeding station. A trap was set for it with the usual results, of course. So with out a doubt this cat worked on the drove all that winter in the Park and must have wiped out a good portion of them. There is plenty of other game up here such as deer, And coon. A few rabbits but one can't expect them to increase to any great extent with foxes, minks, weasels and other predatory stuff working on them continuously. Never heard a single report all last winter of the big coon and mink that used to make Chickenhouse Run their home. The mink was an over size one and as black as night, according to those who saw it. One fellow told me the coon had a track so big that its foot must have been as big as his. The record will say he wore number 9 shoe. He may have leaned from the truth just a little, but it must have been plenty big. My young and very good friend, Winters Dean, bought a coon dog last season and I am expecting him to see something of this monster coon if it is still on the Run. I see the panther tales have started the rounds again. Also read in another paper late last spring that there was another wolf back on Elk Mt. had killed sheep and had been seen at a distance. Have watched for reports of it since then but saw none. I say a picture of a big panther in one of my bound journals that was tried by just two redickulous bounds. Why don't some men get out with their bounds and get this panther and wolf. I now we have men that can do it, so what is holding them back. I would like to know? The political pot has about come to the boiling point. All one can hear on the radio, and talked about here, is who to vote for which is the man, etc. Well, as the late Will Rogers to start his weekly read column off with "All I know is what I read in the papers," about it, but I do know that if the tale was started on Franklin D. Roosevelt to hurt his chances for reelection, of him turning back a battleship to get his little dog Feller forgotten about it behind, that it went on it was a matter of fact. I think it helped his chances. It is what the world expect of a man with the great humanitarian heart he has shown he has since serving in office. Don't know if this year is so or not, but anyway I am stirring along with him for it until the opposition bring out a full fledged fox hunting against him. His Scottie dog is a long ways from a fox bound, but who knows if that time won't convert Mr. Roosevelt into a bound owner (one of these days). Don't forget that George Washington was one of our first leading fox hunting and bound breeders well as the Father of our Country, and is so honored by most of the big fox hunting associations over the country. There is one man in our own state that is getting my vote if I am lucky enough to get to the polls to cast it. Don't even know his name or what ticket he is on nor what he is running for. But I do know he sent out post cards with his message to voters on them, that he had a big pack of hounds on them, which is enough for yours truly. John F. Scott. Watoga, W. Va.

**MAIL CALL IN THE SOUTH
PAOLIFIC**

There are sad things seen on these
islands green
But the saddest I'll venture to
say
is the anguished trace on a ship-
mate's face,
When he's told, "There's no
letter today."

Now I've seen them lie, while
waiting to die,
Yet gladness their face express,
With a letter torn and badly worn
Like a jewel to their heart was
pressed

O Folks back there we know you
care
And you'd stake your lot for
us all
But the greatest joy you can bring
Is his name at the old Mail call

It's the same old sight from Morn
'till night,
And the same routine and such
That gets a guy tho' he'd gladly
die,
Before he'd give in an inch or
as much

But your mail from home takes
our mind to roam,
From the worry and cares of
war
And makes it seem like a pleasant
dream
And brings us home once more.

We're doing fine on the firing line
With your bullets and tanks and
guns,
But the blast that'll shell all the
Axis to H—
Are the letters from you to
your sons?

Written by
Denny W. Sharp M.A.M 3.C.

Holl.

Lieut. Sherman Beard of the Air Corps, serving in North Africa, writes to his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Beard, of Lewisburg, North Africa.

Dec. 17, 1944.

Dear Folks:

At last I can tell you what country I am in anyway, if I can't tell the exact location. We are somewhere in North Africa. Never did I think I would be this far away from home, and see the things we have. The more places I go and the more people I see just makes me appreciate the fact that I am an American. When you see these people half fed and dirty as can be, you just wonder how they live.

Day before yesterday, we took a trip in a truck and got to see a little more of the life of the people here. Most of the population is Arab and they are a very dirty and ignorant people. Part of the people live in houses made of stone or mud but a lot of them just dig a hole in the side of a cliff and call it "home, sweet home." The goats and chickens live right along in the same houses. Talk about stink you can smell those caves and houses for half a mile.

Most of the Arab women dress in white sheets (that was the original color) with only one eye that can be seen. Part of these women are like the women in the states and don't give a darn and show their faces. All these women have some sort of religious tattoo on the forehead, each check and on back of the hand; it does not help their looks much.

The kids wear anything they can get their hands on. A lot wear parts of uniforms that have been discarded by our boys. All the kids play in the streets and beg for money, gum or cigarettes. What fools me is that these little kids have a heap of a lot of money. If they can't beg they will buy anything they can and wear the shirt off your back. Prices are high due to the black market, which most of the kids sell to. They will 50 cents a pack for cigarettes and 35 cents for gum. For a bed sheet you can get as much as \$35. to \$40. The other day I was offered \$30. for the pants I was wearing. I don't know how he expected me to get home. The Army is pretty rough on soldiers who sell to the black market.

the day you don't have any trouble. We see all kinds of soldiers, French, Italian, British and South African. The most popular are the French Foreign Legion. What gets me is the number of foreign soldiers that wear G.I. uniforms. The U.S. must be clothing the world in army uniforms.

Jake and I have thought much stuff; one reason is that there is very little worth having and the other is that it costs a hell of a lot to buy anything. I have taken some pictures but have to go easy, as there is no film to be had. That is one thing you can send me. Be careful to pack it good. As the saying is one picture is worth a thousand words and I am sure that is right.

Still we haven't received any mail and don't expect we will for some time. It is pretty hard to write letters when we don't get any. I know that you are writing and that one of them will get there. It would be nice if I could keep how things are at home. I did see in the paper yesterday where West Va. had 36 inches of snow on the ground. bet you had a time digging out of that.

That is about all there is left to say. You know I would like to be home, but it isn't too bad over here. I will miss the Christmas dinner just as much as I missed Thanksgiving. It was funny about our Thanksgiving dinner, we were out to sea and it was rough. Half the fellows were sick yet they would take a big plate of food but couldn't eat.

Tell all the folks I think of them and hope they are well.

Love to all.

Sherman.

Harmon Dilley received the following letter from Sgt. Marion Stamper, under date of Dec. 5th.

Hi Harmon:

Your letter just received and Xmas card of Oct. 19th. The Christmas greeting makes me feel lots more cheerful. You have no idea what letters and holiday greetings mean to a fellow down here. This place seems close-out of the world. I sometimes wonder if it's a dream, or ever having had a home or being in civilization.

If Everett Dilley comes down here, I hope to see him. Bob Woods is in New Guinea somewhere, but I can't find out just

ship and devotion to duty during these sieges galvanized his objective in the shortest possible time, with a minimum of casualties to him and loss of equipment. Throughout these engagements, Captain Edgar's courage, example of great personal courage, and a constant source of inspiration to all serving with him. Captain Ed gave entered military service from West Virginia. He is the son of George F. Edgar, of Hillsboro, and grandson of Captain Alfred M. Edgar, of the Confederate Army.

Staff Sergeant Dale E. Arbogast, of the 85th Army Airway Communication Group, has received commendation from his commanding officer, Colonel Kenneth W. Kline. Sergeant Arbogast is the son of Mrs. M. C. Arbogast, of Huntington.

1. This headquarters desires to commend you for the splendid contribution you have made towards insuring successful accomplishment of the task involved in establishing Detachment H 133rd AAC Squadron, on continents Europe. Yours was one of the first two units to arrive upon the Continent.

2. Your unswerving devotion to duty, your disregard for personal comfort and conveniences, working hours, your cheerfulness when faced with situations that could have well been unbearable, your ability to provide when improvisation was required, was an outstanding factor in contributing to the success of the mission assigned to your unit.

3. It is a source of personal pride to the commanding general to have been associated with your unit in the capacity of Group Commander during this entire period and you may well be proud of the achievements of the unit in which you served during those first days of the invasion. Your unit is credited, by the medical personnel who were there with you, with having been of tremendous assistance in saving lives of wounded soldiers by your conscientious efforts to control movements of air evacuation aircraft as the exigencies of the moment required. Each member of your unit was a part of a team and each one of you played your part to perfection.

4. It is the spirit, co-operation and efficiency demonstrated so ably by each of you which will be the real "Secret Weapon" that will bring this war to a speedy close with victory triumphant for our arms.

RIC HOUR

Sunday afternoon by the

ELA M SYSTEM

anything to send but my love, so may God help us to be together by next Xmas.

Well guess the hunters have been there and are gone by now. I'm anxious to hear how many deer was killed. Hope Dad got got one this fall. I was glad to get The Times you sent; I seldom ever get one any more. I guess the weather is getting cold there now. Take best care of yourselves.

I went on a pass to Belair, it is a nice country. The people were nice but I couldn't understand much of what was said. I have seen a lot of country since I have been gone but it has been a tough way of seeing it. Hope all had a nice Christmas and a good dinner. I get plenty to eat and tobacco and cigarettes. I am well and making it alright.

Tell all hello, for me and to write often. I don't know any more to write, so may God bless and protect us until we meet again. With love to all.

Edith.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Underwood of Husterville, sends this letter from their son, Holl.

Camp Bowie, Texas
Dear Mother and Dad:
I received your letter today and certainly was glad to hear from you. This letter me O. K. and feeling fine. We have been rather busy the last two weeks. We fired the carbine ride on the range one day and I believe it was the most disagreeable day I have seen in a long time. It started off with a downpour of rain, which turned to sleet then to snow and back to rain. What made it so disagreeable was when we had to fire from the prone position, the water ran up our coat tail and really soaked us. After such a day one appreciates a warm fire and hot shower. We worked on a 24 hour shift system for three days last

Well I wish I could be home for Christmas but it will be impossible. We will have plenty of stored things to eat, but it won't compare with the Christmas dinner at home.

We had a big parade today, and some received expert infantry training.

This has been a beautiful day. The sun shined bright and the air has been warm, but the weather changes so sudden, it may be doing most anything tomorrow.

Well I miss home for this time, as I haven't any news.

Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your son,
Holl.

Lieut. Sherman Beard of the Air Corps, serving in North Africa, writes to his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Beard, of Lanesburg, North Africa.

Dec. 17, 1944.

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Day before yesterday, we took a trip in a truck and got to see a little more of the life of the people here. Most of the population is Asian and they are a very dirty and ignorant people. Part of the people live in houses made of stone or mud but a lot of them just dig a hole in the side of a cliff and call it "home, sweet home." The goats and chickens live right along in the same houses. Talk about stink you can smell those caves and houses for half a mile.

Most of the Arab women dress in white sheets (that was the original color) with only one eye that can be seen. Part of these women are like the women in the states and don't give a darn and show their faces. All these women have some sort of religious tattoo on the forehead, each cheek and on back of the hands; it does not help their looks much.

The men wear anything they can get their hands on. A lot wear parts of uniforms that have been discarded by our boys. All the kids play in the streets and beg for money, gum or cigarettes. What fools me is that these little kids have a heck of a lot of money. If they can't beg they will buy anything they can and wear the shirt off your back. Prices are high due to the black market, which most of the kids sell to. They will 50 cents a pack for cigarettes and 35 cents for gum. For a bed sheet you can get as much as \$35. to \$40. The other day I was offered \$30. for the pants I was wearing. I don't know how he expected me to get home.

The Army is pretty rough on soldiers who sell to the black market.

Harmon
Following letter from Stamp.

Hi Harmon
Your letter
Xmas card
Christmas
lots more
ideas what
greetings
here. This
of the world
if it's a
big
ization.
If Everett
here, I hope
Woods is
where, but

I you're back... Have a Coca-Cola